

Hammer God 504

Chapter 504 Father

After recovering from his shock, the son charged after the man.

He reached the door in almost an instant and opened it.

BANG!

But as soon as he opened the door, the powerful storm from the outside entered, throwing furniture around the room.

The son quickly closed the door, grabbed his mother and sister, and brought them into the cellar.

Before they could say anything, the son charged upstairs again.

He opened the door, quickly passed through it, and closed it behind him.

As he came outside, he saw his father standing in front of something terrifying.

Up in the air was a dark-red flame, illuminating the darkening sky with blood-red light.

His father had a hunched posture, as always.

Yet, while the son had to fight against the terrifying wind, the father didn't seem like the wind affected him.

The son had to protect his face from the intense heat and wind, while the father just looked upwards.

The son couldn't see his father's expression.

A moment later, the flame lowered to the ground and retreated.

That was when the son saw a man standing in front of his father. The man still had a dark-red outline around him.

As the son saw the man, his eyes opened in shock and horror.

Ether!

So much Ether!

The man in front of him exuded an indescribable amount of Ether!

The son was already in the Peak First Realm, and he had never felt so much Ether in his life!

Not even the dean of his academy had this much Ether, and the dean was an Early Expert!

"So, that's where you've been," the man spoke with a casual tone.

The father didn't answer.

"Dad!" the son shouted as he ran forward.

BANG!

But then, he was stopped by some kind of invisible barrier.

He looked at the barrier with shock and tried to get past it, but the barrier just wouldn't break!

"Let me out! Don't hurt my father!" the son shouted, attacking the barrier with his sword.

"Hey, buddy," the man said casually. "I'm not the one stopping you. Go blame your dad."

The son looked with shock at the man before looking at his father.

"They have nothing to do with this," the father said calmly. "This is all my fault."

"Sure, I don't care," the man said with a shrug. "I'm not here for them, anyway."

"Thank you," the father said with a relieved sigh. "I... wouldn't have given you the same compassion."

"I don't really give a shit," the man said. "I'm just here to test my new power. Fighting beasts gets boring after a while, you know? Wait, I forgot. You never really dared to enter the ocean. Man, you should really go there. It's insane how many Nature Gods there are! It's actually crazy! They are literally fucking everywhere!"

"Stop!" the son shouted. "Let my father go! No matter what he did, I will repay you! I'm strong! I'm the best in my class! I will serve you!"

"Just, please, let my father go!"

"Dude," the man said. "I already told you, I'm not the one stopping you."

The next moment, a fiery ball of metal formed on the man's hand.

In an instant, the meteor flew towards the son.

BOOOM!

That was when a wall of icy-blue fire appeared between the son and the meteor.

"See?" the man asked.

The son needed some time to recover.

He knew this blue flame!

This was Winterfire!

But nobody could control Winterfire!

Except...

A preposterous idea popped into the son's head as his eyes widened.

No, it couldn't be, right?

He just looked at the back of his father.

The father just smiled sadly.

Then, his appearance changed.

Icy-blue hair appeared on his head, and he shrank a bit.

A tremendous amount of Ether washed over the surroundings, and the son watched in horror as an unfamiliar face turned to him.

He knew that face!

Emperor Winterfire!

His father was Emperor Winterfire?!

But Emperor Winterfire was a monster!

He had killed so many of his allies!

He had created this age of Ether scarcity by destroying eight Ether Essences!

"Let's go somewhere else," the man said. "I'm here for a proper battle. You would probably be too busy defending your family to fight me properly."

Emperor Winterfire closed his eyes.

"No," he said.

"Huh?" the man asked.

"I'm not going to fight," Emperor Winterfire added.

"I've been expecting this day," he said.

"I no longer want to fight."

The man just blinked a couple of times.

"Aren't you a downer?" the man asked. "Yeah, well, it's not up to you. Fights are kind of a one-party-consent thing."

Then, the man pointed at Emperor Winterfire, and another meteor shot at him.

Emperor Winterfire just looked at the meteor.

BANG!

The meteor punched through his abdomen, continued flying, but before it could hit the house, it was destroyed by more Winterfire.

"I'm not going to fight you," Emperor Winterfire said with an accepting voice.

The man just scratched the back of his head.

"Wait, so, you're just going to let me kill you?" the man asked.

"Yes," Emperor Winterfire said.

"Dad!" the son shouted in horror. "Let me out! Please!"

The barrier didn't vanish.

"Hey, your son wants to come out," the man said.

"He's safer in there," Emperor Winterfire said.

"Than where?" the man asked. "If you die, the barrier will collapse. What's the difference if he comes out now or later?"

Emperor Winterfire didn't answer.

The man groaned. "Dude, I'm not going to kill your family. Like, what's even the point?"

Emperor Winterfire looked down.

The next moment, the barrier vanished, and the son charged to his father.

When he saw his father's expression, his heart shook.

Even at this moment, his father refused to look at him.

He was too ashamed.

He didn't deserve to look at his son.

"Yeah, well," the man said.

The next moment, he appeared right in front of Emperor Winterfire, the man's finger pointing at Emperor Winterfire's head.

"Whatcha gonna do?" he commented.

Dark-red Ether gathered on the finger.

But then, the son's body went between the finger and his father.

The son looked with conviction at the man while protecting his father.

Emperor Winterfire's eyes closed in pain.

"Hiding behind your son now, are we?" the man asked.

"A Mortal is not an obstacle to you," Emperor Winterfire said.

He was right.

The man could just push the son to the side or curve his attack around him.

The difference in speed was insurmountable.

"Please don't kill my father," the son pleaded.

The finger still pointed at the son.

Seconds passed.

Then, Kyle just scratched the side of his head.